

# Apollo Four Forty, Electro Glide In Blue

I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle  
I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle  
Maybe I'm a loveboy hooked on an aphrodisiac  
Maybe I'm a strange one, maybe I'm a twisted maniac  
Hey, you never can tell  
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell  
Who's to say that heaven is in hell?  
Escaping reality's touch  
Just in time, just in time before the gets too much  
Who's to say that heaven is in hell? Can this be hell?  
Maybe I'm a loveboy hooked on an aphrodisiac  
Or, maybe I'm a strange one  
Maybe I'm a twisted maniac, maniac  
Hey, you never can tell  
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell  
Who's to say that heaven ain't in hell?  
Can this be hell? Oh well, oh well, oh well  
Escaping reality's touch, yeah  
Now just in time before the bite gets too much  
Hey, hey, hey, you never can tell  
I said, I said, "Hey, you never can tell"  
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell  
I said aybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell"  
Who's to say that heaven it ain't hell?  
Can this be hell? Oh well, oh well, oh well  
Escaping reality's touch  
Just in time before the bite gets too much  
I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle  
I'm more dope than heroin, sharper than a needle  
Sharper than a needle, I'm sharper than a needle  
Sharper than a needle, needle, needle, needle, no  
Yeah, sharper than a needle, yeah, sharper than a needle  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, you never can tell  
Maybe you can touch the taste by the sense of smell  
Who's to say that heaven ain't hell?  
Can this be hell? Oh well, oh well, oh well  
Escaping reality's touch, yeah  
Just in time before the bite gets too much